

# A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

## "The Space Program"

(feat. Vincent Price)

I'mma deal with a bigger insult, man  
The heat, the heat, the heat, the heat  
It's comin' down hard  
We've got to get our shit together

It's time to go left and not right  
Gotta get it together forever  
Gotta get it together for brothers  
Gotta get it together for sisters  
For mothers and fathers and dead niggas  
For non-conformists, one hitter quitters  
For Tyson types and Che figures  
Let's get it together, come on let's make it  
Gotta make it to make it, to make it, to make it, to make it  
To make something happen, to make something happen  
To make something happen, let's make something happen

### Word to Phifer

Gonna bring it to the overlord, drinkin' Cisco  
Chilling with the gold microphone cords  
And we grip our balls every time we stuntin' on tour  
'Cause we never bore, responding to the ready crowd's roar  
And promoters try to hit us with the art of war  
We about our business, we not quitters  
Not bullshitters, we deliver—we go-get it  
Don't be bitter 'cause we not just niggas  
Jarobi, my fiber wove into different cloth  
Ain't nothing forbidden, this nigga get his written off  
Hardest spit in the city y'all niggas spitting kitten soft  
Confused and amazed, shook up with your brain missing lost  
They planning for our future  
None of our people involved  
Pouring Henny and Smirnoff to get it cracking off  
Cracking off a Smirnoff to quickly turn to Molotov  
Molotov the spaceship doors before that bitch is taking off  
It always seems the poorest persons  
Are people forsaken, dawg  
No Washingtons, Jeffersons, Jacksons  
On the captain's log  
They'd rather lead us to the grayest water poison deadly smog  
Mass un-blackening, it's happening, you feel it y'all?  
Rather see we in a three-by-three structure with many bars  
Leave us where we are so they can play among the stars  
They taking off to Mars, got the space vessels overflowing  
What, you think they want us there? All us niggas not going  
Reputation ain't glowing, reparations ain't flowing

If you find yourself stuck in a creek, you better start rowing  
Used to see the TV screen as the place to land my dream in  
And the car stereo where they would promote the show  
Optimistic little brother with a hope you know

(Move on to the stars)  
There ain't a space program for niggas  
Yeah, you stuck here, nigga  
(Move on to the stars)  
There ain't a space program for niggas  
Yeah, you stuck here nigga  
(Move on to the stars)  
There ain't a space program for niggas  
Yeah, you stuck here, nigga  
(Move on to the stars)  
There ain't a space program for niggas  
Yeah, you stuck, stuck, stuck  
(Move on to the stars)

Sit and wonder sometimes, I read the paper every day  
All these happenings is cycular, just happen different ways  
And the president's refined, in her wing she's confined  
With about thirty Percocets and five bottles of wine  
Carolina nothing finer than a Black woman who climbs  
To the top of the State building claiming that that flag is mine  
Now, people on top of people, feels like we can't breathe  
Put so much in this muthafucka, feel like we shouldn't leave  
Put it on TV, put it in movies, put it in our face  
These notions and ideas and citizens live in space  
I chuckle just like all of y'all, absurdity, after all  
Takes money to get it running and money for trees to fall  
Imagine for one second all the people are colored, please  
Imagine for one second all the people in poverty  
No matter the skin tone, culture or time zone  
Think the ones who got it  
Would even think to throw you a bone?  
Moved you out your neighbourhood, did they find you a home?  
Nah cypher, probably no place to  
Imagine if this shit was really talkin' about space, dude  
Imagine if this shit was really talkin' about space, dude  
Imagine if this shit was really talkin' about space, dude

Time to go left and not right  
Gotta get it together forever  
Gotta get it together for brothers  
Gotta get it together for sisters  
For mothers and fathers and dead niggas  
For non-conformers, won't hear the quitters  
For Tyson types and Che figures  
Let's make somethin' happen, let's make somethin' happen  
Let's make somethin' happen, let's make somethin' happen  
Gotta get it together for brothers  
Gotta get it together for sisters

For mothers and fathers and dead niggas  
For non-conformists, one-hitter quitters  
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Make, make, make  
Let's make somethin' happen, let's make somethin' happen  
Let's make somethin' happen, let's make somethin' happen

The danger must be growing  
For the rowers keep on rowing  
And they're certainly not showing  
Any signs that they are slowing!  
"We're there!"  
"Where?"  
"Here!"  
A small step for mankind  
But a giant step for us  
Oompa, loompa, doopa dee doo  
I've got another puzzle for you